

The Latter-Day Saints' MILLENNIAL STAR.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH
UNTO THE CHURCHES.—*Rev. ii. 7.*

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THE MORMONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
March 26th, 1850,

BY THOMAS L. KANE.

"O quantus fervor omnium religiosorum in principio sue sanctæ institutionis fuit!"
De Im. J. C. I. 18.

A few years ago, ascending the Upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the Rapids. My road lay through the Half-breed tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land-titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Fall, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality. From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid, vagabond and idle settlers; and a country marred without being improved, by their careless hands.

I was descending the last hill side upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun, its bright new dwellings, set in cool green gardens ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles, and beyond it in the back ground, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth, everywhere, made

the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadning spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it. For plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways. Rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks, and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his workbench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-chopped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap, and ladling pool, and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the marygolds, heart's-ease, and lady-slippers,

and draw a drink with the water sodden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples,—no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened, and when at last I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

On the outskirts of the town was the city grave-yard. But there was no record of plague there, nor did it in anywise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the mason's hardly-dried lettering ink. Beyond the grave yard, out in the fields, I saw, in one spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering embers of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing round it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—they, sleeping too in the hazy air of autumn.

Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered wood-work and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid Temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordinance. These challenged me to render an account of myself, and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits; after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told me the story of the Dead City: that it had been a notable

manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which, they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defence, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this Battle, as they called it; but I discovered they were not of one mind as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it; one of which as I remember, was, that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted to have born a character without reproach.

They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had as matter of duty, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed they believed with a dreadful design. Beside these they led me to see a large and deep-chisled marble vase or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said, the deluded persons, most of whom were immigrants from a great distance, believed their Deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents "went into the water" for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers. That thus the Great Vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was therefore the object, of all others in the building, to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victors had so diligently desecrated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple, to see where it had been lightning-struck on the Sabbath before; and to look out, East and South, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here, in the face of pure day, close to the scar of the Divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruises of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a bass drum and a steam boat signal bell of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

It was after nightfall when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset; and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I headed higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer.

Here among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and the sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human creatures, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber upon the ground.

Passing these on my way to the light, I found it came from a tallow candle in a paper funnel shade, such as is used by street vendors of apples and pea-nuts, and which flaring and guttering away in the bleak air off the water, shone flickeringly on the emaciated features of a man in the last stage of a bilious remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a but partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair-sofa cushion, under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glazing eye told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries; though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow awkwardly-measured sips of the tepid river water from a burned and battered bitter-smelling tin coffee-pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed—a toothless old bald head, whose manner had the repulsive dulness of a familiar with death scenes. He, so long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the hiccup and sobbing of two little girls, who were sitting up on a piece of drift wood outside.

Dreadful indeed was the suffering of these forsaken beings. Cowed and cramped by cold and sunburn, alternating as each weary day and night dragged on, they were almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poor house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick: they had not bread to quiet the fractioning hunger-cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick-shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

These were Mormons famishing in Lee county, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord, 1846. The city,—it was Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of that city, and the smiling country round. And those who had stopped their ploughs, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles and their workshop wheels; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread; these,—were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers in their temple,—whose drunken riot insulted the ears of their dying.

I think it was as I turned from the wretched night-watch of which I have spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of the voices of many, occasionally rose distinct the loud oath-tainted exclamation, and the falsely intonated scrap of vulgar song; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then, when their boisterous orgies strove to attain a sort of ecstatic climax, a cruel spirit of insulting frolic carried some of them up into the high belfry of the Temple steeple, and there with the wicked childishness of inebriety, they whooped, and shrieked, and beat the drum that I had seen, and rang in charivarie unison their loud-tongued steam-boat bell.

They were, all told, not more than six hundred and forty persons who were thus lying on the river flats. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its dependencies had been numbered this year before at over 20,000. Where were they? They had last been seen carrying in mournful trains their sick and wounded, halt and

blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them; and people asked with curiosity, What had been their fate—what their fortunes.

I purpose making these questions the subject of my Lecture. Since the expulsion of the Mormons, to the present date, I have been intimately conversant with the details of their history. But I shall invite your attention most particularly to an account of what happened to them during their first year in the wilderness; because at this time more than any other, being lost to public view, they were the subjects of fable and misconception. Happily it was during this period I myself moved with them; and earned at a dear price, as some among you are aware, my right to speak with authority of them and their character, their trials, achievements, and intentions.

The party encountered by me at the river shore were the last of the Mormons that left the city. They had all of them engaged the year before, that they would vacate their homes, and seek some other place of refuge. It had been the condition of a truce between them and their assailants; and as an earnest of their good faith, the chief elders, and some others of obnoxious standing, with their families, were to set out for the west in the spring of 1846. It had been stipulated in return that the rest of the Mormons might remain behind in the peaceful enjoyment of their Illinois abode, until their leaders, with their exploring party, could with all diligence select for them a new place of settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains, in California, or elsewhere, and until they had opportunity to dispose, to the best advantage, of the property which they were then to leave.

Some renewed symptoms of hostile feeling had, however, determined the pioneer party to begin their work before the spring. It was, of course, anticipated that this would be a perilous service; but it was regarded as a matter of self-denying duty. The ardour and emulation of many, particularly the devout and the young, were stimulated by the difficulties it involved; and the ranks of the party were therefore filled up with volunteers from among the most effective and responsible members of the sect. They began their march in mid winter; and by

the beginning of February, nearly all of them were on the road, many of their wagons having crossed the Mississippi on the ice.

Under the most favouring circumstances, an expedition of this sort, undertaken at such a season of the year, could scarcely fail to be disastrous.* But the pioneer company had to set out in haste, and were very imperfectly supplied with necessaries. The cold was intense. They moved in the teeth of keen-edged north west winds, such as sweep down the Iowa peninsula from the ice-bound regions of the timber-shaded Slave Lake and Lake of the Woods: on the bald prairie there, nothing above the dead grass breaks their free course over the hard rolled hills. Even along the scattered water courses, where they broke the thick ice to give their cattle drink, the annual autumn fires had left little wood of value. The party, therefore, often wanted for good camp fires, the first luxury of all travellers; but to men insufficiently furnished with tents, and other appliances of shelter, almost an essential to life: after days of fatigue, their nights were often passed in restless efforts to save themselves from freezing. Their stock of food also proved inadequate; and as their systems became impoverished, their suffering from cold increased.

Sickened with catarrhal affections, manacled by the dreadfully acute fetters of rheumatisms, some contrived for awhile to get over the shortening day's march, and drag along some others. But the sign of an impaired circulation soon began to show itself in the liability of all to be dreadfully frost-bitten. The hardest and strongest became helplessly crippled. About the same time the strength of their beasts of draught began to fail. The small supply of provender they could carry with them had given out. The winter-bleached prairie straw proved devoid of nourishment; and they could only keep them from starving by seeking for the *browse*, as it is called, or green bark and tender buds and branches of the cotton-wood, and other stunted growths of the hollows.

To return to Nauvoo was apparently the only escape; but this would have been to give occasion for fresh mistrust, and so

* Nine children were born the first night the women camped out. "Sugar Creek," Feb. 5.

to bring new trouble to those they had left there behind them. They resolved at least to hold their ground, and to advance as they might, were it only by limping through the deep snows a few slow miles a day. They found a sort of comfort in comparing themselves to the exiles of Siberia;* and sought cheerfulness in earnest prayings for the spring—longed for as morning by the tossing sick.

The spring came at last. It overtook them in the Sac and Fox country, still on the naked prairie, not yet half way over the trail they were following between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. But it brought its own share of troubles with it. The months with which it opened proved nearly as trying as the worst of winter.

The snow, and sleet, and rain which fell, as it appeared to them, without intermission, made the road over the rich prairie soil as impassable as one vast bog of heavy black mud. Sometimes they would fasten the horses and oxen of four or five wagons to one, and attempt to get a-head in this way, taking turns; but at the close of a hard day of toil for themselves and their cattle, they would find themselves a quarter or half a mile from the place they left in the morning. The heavy rains raised all the water courses: the most trifling streams were impassable. Wood fit for bridging was often not to be had, and in such cases the only resource was to halt for the freshets to subside,—a matter, in the case of the headwaters of the Chariton for instance, of over three weeks' delay.

These were dreary waitings upon Providence. The most spirited and steady murmured most at their forced inactivity. And even the women, whose heroic spirits had been proof against the lowest thermometric fall, confessed their tempers fluctuated with the ceaseless variations of the barometer. They complained, too, that the health of their children suffered more. It was the fact, that the open winds of March and April brought with them more mortal sickness than the sharpest freezing weather.

* One of the company having a copy of *Mdme. Cottin's "Elizabeth,"* it was so sought after that some read it from the wagons by moonlight. They were materially sustained, too, by the practice of psalmody, "keeping up the songs of Zion, and passing along Doxologies from front to rear, when the breath froze on their eyelashes."

The frequent burials made the hardest sicken. On the soldier's march it is matter of discipline, that after the rattle of musketry over his comrade's grave he shall tramp it to the music of some careless tune in a lively quick step. But, in the Mormon camp, the companion who lay ill and gave up the ghost within view of all, all saw as he lay stretched a corpse, and all attended to his last resting-place. It was a sorrow then, too, of itself, to simple-hearted people, the deficient pomp of their imperfect style of funeral. The general hopefulness of human—including Mormon—nature, was well illustrated by the fact, that the most provident were found unfurnished with undertaker's articles; so that bereaved affection was driven to the most melancholy makeshifts.

The best expedient generally was to cut down a log of some eight or nine feet long, and slitting it longitudinally, strip off its dark bark in two half cylinders. These, placed around the body of the deceased, and bound firmly together with withes made of the alburnum, formed a rough sort of tubular coffin, which surviving relatives and friends, with a little show of black crape, could follow with its enclosure to the hole, or bit of ditch dug to receive it in the wet ground of the prairie. They grieved to lower it down so poorly clad, and in such an unheeded grave. It was hard—was it right?—thus hurriedly to plunge it in one of the undistinguishable waves of the great land sea, and leave it behind them there, under the cold north rain, abandoned, to be forgotten. They had no tombstones, nor could they find a rock to pile the monumental cairn. So, when they had filled up the grave, and over it prayed a *Miserere* prayer, and tried to sing a hopeful psalm, their last office was to seek out landmarks, or call in the surveyor to help them determine the bearings of valley bends, headlands, or forks and angles of constant streams, by which its position should in the future be remembered and recognised. The name of the beloved person, his age, the date of his death, and these marks were all registered with care. His party was then ready to move on. Such graves mark all the line of the first years of Mormon travel—dispiriting milestones to failing stragglers in the rear.

(To be continued.)

THE DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT RUINS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

(Concluded from our last.)

Guided by the general direction of this little stream, as we advanced onward and upward at every step, where acclivity on acclivity rises, and covered with a verdure that never dies, and groves of beauty, whose profound quiet is seldom disturbed but by the sweet murmurings of this laughing rivulet, as it comes almost leaping from the height above, and whose meanderings would occasionally bring us abruptly upon its banks, we could fancy that these were once the consecrated groves of a religious, though perhaps Pagan people. Continuing our ascent with nothing to interrupt our progress, save the occasional turning aside to examine some new beauty that here and there presented itself, and which the limit of these papers will not allow me to describe, at last, when at a distance of four and a half miles from our canoe, (judging from the time required in making the ascent,) we reached a point where our streamlet guide issued from a deep damp gorge, between what appears once to have been walls of massive masonry, forty feet or more apart, but now fallen and crumbled in ruins, that nearly block up the passage of the stream. Following along the deep ravine or chasm, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, in which the banks on either side were of a uniform height and not less than sixty feet above the level of the stream, its steep sloping sides thickly mantled with trees whose foliage completely shut out the rays of the vertical sun, we at length emerged from this dell of broken rocks and deepest shade, upon the borders of the loveliest little lake that ever reflected back the twinkling of a star, while all beyond seemed one dense impenetrable forest. Ascending the elevation on either side of the ravine, and looking over this tiny sheet of water at our feet, every idea that I had ever conceived of a primeval forest was more than realized. Here, in the form of an eclipse, is an immense basin, extending towards the north, as we have since ascertained, the distance of three miles, its longest diameter, while from east to west it is hardly two miles, and so perfect in its form one can hardly believe that its banks were not cut and carved to a geometrical line. The elevation that surrounds this vast amphi-

theatre is but thinly timbered, and its green and shining banks are plainly discernible throughout its whole circumference, except where the view is obstructed by a number of conical hills, visible at a point one hundred rods either to the right or left of the ravine, five of them covered with verdure to their summits, the other two appearing like barren rocks. And the fact that the five first named lie in a direct line, and varying but little from the true meridian, led us to conjecture that possibly they might be artificial structures. Our suspicion was fully confirmed on finding that the two barren ones, with the centre one of the line of five, were also in line, and crossing the other at right angles.

As we neared the point that brought us in range, our curiosity was turned to amazement at finding the nearest of these barren hills, though a fourth of a mile distant, to be a pyramid of stone, and the first ever seen in America, bearing in every respect the outline and general appearance of the Egyptian pyramids. Fully satisfied of the extent of the field now open before us, we lost no time in returning in our canoe and transferring our effects to the border of the forest lake, near where its outlet enters the gorge. A description of the singular beauties and peculiarities of this little gem of a lake, together with a thousand startling incidents that have occurred during our passage hither, our meeting with numerous bands of Apaches and Tejuas, with some reflections on their utter barrenness of all tradition in relation to these records of a forgotten people, together with numerous drawings and sketches, illustrative of events and objects, I shall reserve for the pages of a work, which, though it may not claim for itself much of superior diction, will at least possess the merit of truthful descriptions and delineations. This forest valley is hemmed in on all sides by a nearly level plain, that barely overlooks the waving foliage beneath, and stretching far and wide towards the north and east, (having traversed it for miles in different directions,) is dotted here and there with the traces of edifices, in every conceivable shape and state of preservation, from the massive front of solid stone, some of them fifteen feet high, and pierced with openings that

were undoubtedly either windows, or doors, or both, down to the same unmeaning ridges of loose stones, that characterize the plain already described on the island of Ignacio. Our first attempt to penetrate the forest was opposite one of the barren pyramids. Descending into the valley with axe in hand, we cut our way through tangled underbrush and fallen trees, and the tortuous trunks of massive grape vines, which having reared themselves aloft, and overtopped the trees that gave them their support, had fallen with them only to rear themselves again upon their progeny, in this way forming a network of vine and verdure, that nothing but the edge of steel could penetrate, so that for yards together we barely made an opening sufficient to admit the passage of a person in a stooping position—at length we reached the base of this, not Egyptian, but truly American pyramid.

Having personally visited, and being familiar with, the construction of the Egyptian pyramids, I can speak positively of their almost exact similarity—composed of large blocks of stone, nearly three feet thick at the base of the pyramid, and from six to ten feet in length, placed one upon another, and each successive layer receding about fifteen inches—the only marked difference being the apparent great age of this, as compared with those on the banks of the Nile; many of the crevices between the blocks of the same layer or course being more than a foot wide; and so generally are the upper edges worn away, presenting a round, rather than an angular corner, that it is with difficulty their ascent is made. Examining the other barren pyramid, we find it differing in only one respect from this: it is evidently of much later origin, for though the material and construction are the same, neither the edges of the stones, nor the crevices between them, present that time-worn appearance as does the one first described.

Before attempting any examination of the interior of these pyramids, we determined on penetrating to the hill or mountain in the centre of the forest; for the nearer we approached, the more like a mountain it appeared. Two days of incessant toil brought us to the foot of a mighty temple, called by the Indians of every tribe in the vicinity, "Na-ha-go;" though it seems to be applied by them to the whole valley alike, with every struc-

ture in it; the meaning of which, in our language, is best conveyed by the word "mystery!" or if more words than one be used, and applied to the whole valley, then "Valley of Mystery!" but when the Indian is called upon to explain its meaning, with great vehemence he invariably answers, "Na-ha-go!" or "The place we know nothing about." It would be in vain to attempt a description, by language alone, of this stupendous monument of human labour; or, whether viewed as a structure entirely of workmen's hands, or as a natural mountain, terraced from top to bottom; in either case, the grandeur of the design, and its entire accomplishment, cannot but fill the beholder with astonishment and admiration; for not only does it cover more ground than any pyramid in the known world, but it is incomparably higher; and being in the form of a cone, with a spiral terrace winding around it from bottom to top, and covered as it now is, and probably always was to some extent, with verdure to its very summit, is far more beautiful than any square-based pyramid of barren rock can be. It must not be supposed, however, that it still stands in all its original beauty, unscathed by the bitings of time and the corrosion of centuries; on the contrary, its primeval beauties, like its builders, are all gone, but its sullen grandeur and wild magnificence remain; and though time may often whet his scythe to mow this structure down, unless the changes work with, or call to his aid an earthquake, he will find something for ages yet in the valley of mystery that will turn its edge. An accurate description of its construction and dimensions will be given when we shall have made a more minute examination of this most remarkable and colossal structure. Having visited the four other most prominent objects in the valley, two on the north, and two on the south of this, we find a field open before us, so extensive that its very magnitude is almost discouraging. For, in addition to the seven immense structures that form the principal feature of the valley when viewed from the surrounding heights or summit of the plain, there are numberless objects of startling interest to be met with in almost any direction we choose to cut our way—broken columns of stones, obelisks, with monuments of every conceivable shape, many of them covered with hieroglyphics, some almost totally obliterated.

ated, while many remain as perfect as could be desired, fill this vale with such a complication of wonders, that to a mind desirous of knowing the whole history of its rise, its mighty and unparalleled magnificence, its final decline and total ruin, it presents so vast a field for study and contemplation, as almost to induce a wish that they were not half so numerous as they really are.

Omitting everything like a further description, without the accompanying drawings, I shall briefly say a few words in reference to the time in the early history of the world when this people had an existence. No one will dispute the existence of the Egyptian pyramids; no one will deny that, through the indefatigable labours of a Champohion, the hieroglyphics they present have been most accurately deciphered, and that what was once a mystery is now no longer such. Here, then, is the connecting link between the time of the final destruction of this people, and the characters then in use, with those that bear a date long anterior to them. Enough has already been deciphered from the pyramid of comparatively later origin, to show that it was constructed not far from thirteen hundred years before the christian era, and contains the well connected history of at least 100 years before, and more than 400 years subsequent to its erection; and during this period of only 500 years there were introduced, particularly towards its close, characters utterly unknown to the Egyptian people, and yet easily understood when taken in connection with those that precede. In this way, and in connection with numerous other inscriptions upon tablets, discovered in a place that seems to have been a repository of their records, a chain of incidents identical with, and which, in fact, becomes their history, is traced down even to the second century of the christian era, and closing with a record of events the most startling and truly terrible that ever befel

any nation of intelligent, happy, but inoffensive people. But how are we to remove the stumbling block that is presented, when from our starting point we trace backward, as unequivocally as we have forward, the history of a people, who, like the Chinese, date their era long before the flood? Shall we deny the literal meaning or translation of hieroglyphics that have everywhere received the sanction of the learned? As well might we deny the existence of Na-ha-go itself, or the pyramids of the Nile. Or, must we believe a part and deny all the rest? and that part believe a mere point of time in comparison with the whole, and that only believe because we have corroborative testimony in similar structures and records in ancient Egypt. That America was peopled long anterior to the eastern continent, I will not pretend to say, but will leave it for all (who feel disposed) to look at the evidences of its far higher antiquity that we shall present, and then to judge for themselves. But should a connected record of the past carry us back to the time of the creation, as recorded by Moses, and that too without meeting with a general deluge, though a plain but succinct account is given of a partial one, what is to be done? Must we throw their whole history aside as a fabrication and a lie? or may we not rather believe the whole?

Knowing, however, your partiality for, and your propensity to stand by, Moses and his account of the earlier times, under all circumstances, and at all times, and before all men, it would be useless for me to try to make a convert of you, until I have the papers for it; therefore, in my next that I send you, which may possibly reach you in about sixty days, I shall continue a description of the most remarkable objects that everywhere meet the eye, as day by day we continue our researches in the valley of mystery.—San Diego, California, Dec. 10th, 1849.—*New York Herald*.

Mr. Richards,—Dear Sir,—Knowing that every thing that has a tendency to throw any light upon the history of the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent of America, is always interesting to the numerous readers of the *Star*; for while on the one hand it throws light on the history of peoples and nations, which until lately have been for ages hid in oblivion, on the other, all such discoveries have always afforded additional testimony and evidence, corroborative and confirmatory of the Book of Mormon. For as the Book of Mormon was written before these discoveries were made, and gives a history of the very places and people, whose ruins, monuments, cities, pyramids and sculpture are continually being brought to light by travellers and explorers, all

such evidence, while it comforts the hearts of the Saints, silences the tongues of cavillers and objectors, and affords to every sincere seeker after truth, indubitable evidence of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon.

Like all other explorers our traveller is surprised at meeting with ruins so stupendous—pyramids so great and magnificent, and such indubitable evidence of such great and mighty nations. These things of course are interesting to every body; they are the wonder and admiration of antiquarians, travellers, historians, and linguists, but strange as they appear to the world, there has been a book published for upwards of twenty years, that not only gives an account of those people and their cities, but unfolds their origin, their history, their settlements, their wars, their religion—their rise, progress, and fall; that gives an account of those very cities, ruins of which are now being discovered. I refer to the Book of Mormon.

This gentleman informs us of the discovery of ancient pyramids, of “which the Egyptian pyramids are merely child’s toys in comparison.” It is his opinion that this people “existed long anterior to the time that divine revelation, or the book of Genesis gives as the period of the creation of the world.” In this, however, he is mistaken; and when he deciphers, if he is able to do so, those hieroglyphics of which he speaks, we shall no doubt be furnished with a history which will be highly interesting, although that history may not corroborate his present opinion.

I have no doubt but that some of the ruins of which he speaks are the ruins of a people called in the Book of Mormon, the “Jaredites,” who left the tower of Babel at the time of the confusion of tongues; when, as the Bible says, “The Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the whole earth.” Jared was a man who feared God, and was directed by the Lord to the continent of America, in company with many others. They there increased and multiplied exceedingly; spread over the land; cultivated the arts and sciences; built many great cities, and formed powerful nations; but like the nations on the Asiatic continent, they sinned against God and incurred His displeasure. They were visited with grievous judgments, and finally in their wars destroyed millions, burnt and laid waste cities, till the last of them only lived to meet and recognize another people whom the Lord sent from Jerusalem, during the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah.

Although from the Book of Mormon we gain no intelligence of a knowledge of this people being had by any others, yet it is not improbable that by some chance some of them may have found their way to Egypt, and given a history similar to that of which the discoverer speaks; neither is it improbable that persons from Egypt may have found their way there. It is certainly remarkable that pyramids similar to those in Egypt should be found in America; but when we consider that the Egyptians and Jaredites were both descendants of those who were engaged in building the tower, and learned their ideas of architecture and magnificent structures in the same school, we see nothing very surprising.

Again, in regard to language it is no more remarkable that language should change on the continent of America, than that there should be alterations on the continent of Asia. In fact, the same thing is clearly shown in the Book of Mormon. The Jaredites came from the tower of Babel. They, of course, brought their language with them. This in the lapse of time would be liable to change and alteration. Again, when the people arrived from Jerusalem, if they should add to those hieroglyphics, which is not at all improbable, the whole thing of which the gentleman speaks is unravelled, and his mystery revealed. I hail with pleasure anything having a tendency to throw light on this subject. The Book of Mormon in relation to the history of the Jaredites is very limited. The prophet and historian gives a very imperfect account of that people. Let us hope that something more full and complete, either in the shape of hieroglyphics, or records, may yet be developed. At any rate, if we learn no more, we have the satisfaction of knowing in part their history, and that every new discovery confirms the history which we already have.

I remain, dear brother, yours in the Lord,

JOHN TAYLOR.

Liverpool, April 2, 1851.

The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

APRIL 15, 1851.

THE DISCOURSE which commences upon the first page of the present number of the *Star*, is the only competent version of the journeyings and encampments of the Saints from Nauvoo,—the city of Joseph,—to Winter Quarters at Council Bluffs, which is now extant. The author, Thomas L. Kane, Esq., who is a gentleman of the highest respectability in the city of Philadelphia, and clerk of one of the highest judicial tribunals in the nation, was, by divine providence, directed to their midst, perhaps through a curiosity to take one and a last look at a band of exiles, of whom, by the tongue of rumour he might have heard no good thing, and who were now, *en masse*, rending themselves from all the endearments of kindred and country, to seek in the confines of an American wilderness a resting place from the malignity of their persecutors; and lest their sufferings by cold, hunger, sickness, and death, should go untold, and their heart-rending tale of sorrow slumber in silence without a revelation to the world; He who overrules all things, suffered our author to sup with them from the bitter cup of disease; he was laid low, and thus he was the better able to appreciate the situation of those about him, and the more abundantly qualified to attest the character of their social and domestic relations, as well as their outward general policy. The term of their journeyings and encampments from the city of Joseph, to and in Winter Quarters, may be called the period of their deliverance; and the Saints will ever remember the sufferings attendant upon their encampment there, as the last throes of anguish which gave birth to a PEOPLE who were no people, and to a NATION whose God shall be the Lord. To such an afflicted people, a perusal of the "Discourse" will be like the oil and the wine to their wounded lacerated feelings, and will lead them to call down blessings upon the head of the man who with a tone of godly independence dared proclaim the sufferings and wrongs of injured innocence; in which pleasing duty scores of thousands from this and other countries will unite also as members of the same body. We shall enter the "Discourse" entire upon the pages of the *Star*, continuing it from one number to another, until the whole is published.

The various treasurers of the Perpetual Emigration Fund are reminded that it is their duty to remit their quarterly donations to this office immediately *after* the 1st of April, 1st of July, 1st of October, and 1st of January; and in *all cases* to accompany the same with the names of the branches donating, and their respective amounts.

Elder James Marsden is appointed to take the presiding charge of the Dundee Conference, in connexion with that of the Edinburgh Conference.

F. D. RICHARDS.

BROTHER RICHARDS:—Dear Sir,—I feel very much obliged to you for the remarks you made on the subject of the French Mission a short time ago, wherein you requested the presiding Elders, of the conferences, to raise means for publishing the *Book of Mormon* in French. In noticing, however, the position of the churches in this country, and the many calls that have been made upon the brethren, I have been seeking to make other arrangements without troubling them, which I am very happy to have to inform you, I have accomplished, and therefore shall not be necessitated to make any calls upon the conferences.

I purpose publishing soon in Paris, the *Book of Mormon* in the French language.

I also purpose publishing a monthly periodical in French, about the size of the *Star*. If any of our elders or saints, wish to get either of these, they can obtain them by applying to the office in Liverpool. I expect, also, soon to go into Germany, and to publish the *Book of Mormon* in the language of that country this year.

The scriptures say, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and if in making the above move, I may have deprived some of an anticipated blessing. I hope they will excuse me; for perhaps there may be an opportunity afforded them of assisting some of my brethren in another way. If not, the world is large, and there is ample opportunity to do good.

Praying that the best of heaven's blessings may rest upon you and your labours, I remain, dear brother, your fellow labourer in the gospel and kingdom of God.

JOHN TAYLOR.

N. B. Those wishing the Busts of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, will please address their orders to Mr. Abraham Marchant, No. 8, St. James Street, Bath. The money, however, will be sent to the office in Liverpool as usual.—J. T.

A DREAM.

It is often both interesting and profitable to contemplate the cogitations of the mind which occur during the slumbers of the night watches. Important secrets are often revealed by dreams and visions of the night, not only in relation to the present, but of the future, and of the past. To the mind that has become hardened, and less sensitive to the divine influences of the unseen spirit, through the vitiated propensities and habits of mankind, it is an effectual method of communicating intelligence in a manner at once impressive and enduring, often, as long as life lasts; hence the Lord has classed dreams and visions among the gifts of the Holy Spirit, as chosen mediums of instruction for the edification of His people; but many consider these gifts of trifling importance, and through their unbelief make light of, treat with neglect, and thus, turn away altogether, a gift that might have been cherished with prayer, thanksgiving, and faith, until great and unspeakable blessings would be revealed through it. The people of God, anciently, appreciated the gift of dreams truly, and esteemed it as authentic as any other of the gifts of the gospel. Not to speak at this time of the numerous and important blessings which were bestowed through this gift, as recorded on the sacred page, we will just notice, that it was through a simple dream that the parents of our Blessed Saviour were taught how to save the precious life, upon which was suspended the fate of our world.

The following nocturnal view of the slumbering and dreamy condition of past centuries, is so fair and truthful a representation, that, although it lays no claim to inspiration, it will be perused generally, by those who have awakened to the light of the morning, with a degree of interest unknown to those who are not in the light of present revelation.—Ed.

The other night being retired from the toil of the day, I amused myself until bedtime in perusing *Leland's View of Deistical Writers*. After my candle was extinguished I reflected for some time on what I read, till sleep came upon me; when the subject of my waking thoughts impressed itself so strongly, that it employed my fancy for the remainder of the night in the following dream:—

Methought I beheld a female in a white robe, with an olive branch in her hand; a sun was embroidered in the middle of her bosom, which emitted a radiance that

strengthened, not dazzled the eyes of the beholder. With an air that expressed majesty and affection, she pointed to a temple that stood at some distance. As soon as I descried it, I felt none of the tumults of curiosity working in my breast, but reading in her eyes that it was her desire, that I should examine its inside, I went towards it. As I approached I observed that the avenues were declining, and that they were bespread with roses, and perfumed with fragrance, which rendered the way not only easy but agreeable. The first thing I observed on my entrance

was, that though the sun seemed then in its meridian, they had excluded its splendour, and erected a dim rush-light taper, in the most conspicuous part of the building, over which was wrote in golden characters, **THE SUN**. As I turned myself round to view the various parts of the edifice, I could perceive a great many persons employed about the windows in stopping up every crack, for fear the *light of heaven* should by any means steal in and eclipse the splendour of the taper. Having for some time given a loose to my astonishment at so odd a circumstance, I applied myself to take a more particular view of every thing that might seem worthy of my notice. I then turned my eyes westward towards the taper and could then perceive a throne, on which was seated the genius of the place. He appeared of no despicable form: age had not made any furrows in his countenance, nor had care much wrinkled his brow. He was clad in a robe of the same colour with that of my guide, which was furnished by **AFFECTION**, who sat at his right hand: his crown lay on a cushion on his left, which was guarded by **VANITY**, and behind stood **SINGULARITY** in the quality of his train-bearer. As I cast my eyes further downwards I observed a great many more of his retinue, whose names I could not then discover: amongst those that I knew, was **PEDANTRY** in the robes of **LEARNING**, **WIT** in the garb of **JUDGMENT**, and **DOGMATISM** in the clothes of **REASON**. I was going to inquire of my guide the name of the personage, who was thus attended, when I accidentally cast my eye on a lable, that was over the throne, and inscribed **DEISM**. As this whetted my curiosity, I was now resolved to examine more minutely every thing within the edifice, and applied myself first to the pictures, with which the walls were quite covered. The pieces seemed at the first glance to be performed in a masterly manner, and by the glare of the colours and splendour of the frames, invited and dazzled the sight at the same time. On a nearer inspection, you cannot conceive how great was my disappointment: for what, at a distance seemed to vindicate the pencil of a *Titian*, when I came closer, appeared beneath the touch of the meanest *Flemish* dauber. It would be tedious, if not impossible, to recount the subject of every piece, let it suffice to mention the most striking only. The first piece that in-

truded itself on my sight, was of the historical kind, and represented the depravity of the christians in the fifth century. It was, indeed, very much laboured, disgusted the spectator by too great a shew of art, was in some places void of proportion, and had its capital images bigger than life. Next this hung a piece of no mean kind. this was a full length of *Julian*: but I could discover very few features of the apostate, nor indeed should I ever have known it had been intended for him but for the fragment of an epistle, which was subscribed with his name, and laid on a table near him. The face expressed so much humanity, openness of heart and benevolence, that it would have passed better for the picture of the christian bishop he ordered to be murdered, than for the emperor himself. Below this hung a piece of *Christ*, riding on an ass, crowned with thorns, and holding a reed in his hand; he was surrounded with a crowd, whose countenances betrayed the greatest degree of admiration, joined with the most profound stupidity. On the side of it was *Mohammed*, adorned with all the regalia of eastern pomp, surrounded by a troop of *Janissaries*, holding a *Koran* in his left hand, and a drawn sabre in his right. I perceived that the painter had endeavoured to describe some features in the countenances of these personages so nearly alike, that they might have appeared to ignorant and indolent spectators to belong to the same family. Above this hung another piece, that gave me no less disgust, it was **SUPERSTITION**, with her left hand bathed in blood, in her right she held an host, her eyes were fixed upon a crucifix, **BIGOTRY** supported her tottering steps, **VIOLENCE** poured out bags of gold at her feet, and **IGNORANCE** was burning incense to her: over her head was wrote in capitals, **CHRISTIANITY**. The sight of this was so painful that I turned from it very abruptly: and looking the genius in the face, observed him eying the two last pieces with a singular satisfaction, and a joyous triumph. As several bronzes and statues were dispersed round the room, I thought them not unworthy my attention. On the right hand of the throne was the statue of **SCEPTICISM**, devouring its own offspring. Near this was **MODESTY** very much mutilated. Opposite to this, was a kind of Colossus, cast in brass, of an excellent workmanship, it was **PRIDE** trampling under his feet **KNOWLEDGE**, and **INSPIRA-**

tion, who were at the same time casting the most affectionate regards of pity on him. At a little distance I thought I perceived a copy of the two famous Gladiators, but on a nearer inspection, found they were two apostles, *St. Paul* and *Peter* carved in that attitude, by a Librarian, and by him presented privately to the genius. On the south side of the fabric I perceived a door open, and by the desire of my guide, who was all the time invisible, I made up towards it, and found it led to another apartment which I was informed was called the school. Here all the disciples were initiated in the principles of the genius; the master of the school, who discovered great warmth in his countenance, was named PREJUDICE, he was the only Son of PASSION and INCONSIDERATENESS, and in his features resembled both his parents. He held in his hands a quarto volume very pompously printed and bound, which was a compilation of all the most celebrated pieces that were wrote in vindication of the rights of the Genius: the noble author, who had left it as a legacy for the use of the school, had his statue erected in the middle, with this remarkable motto, GREATER AND BETTER. At that time I must confess that I was at a loss to affix any Idea to the words, but now recollect I have met with the same inscription on a monument in *Battersea Church*, which is equally unintelligible. The binding was of massy

gold, which was neither cast, nor chased, but formed into its present dimensions by a *Mallet*. The smith, like other artizans, had liked to have suffered for his ingenuity. I went out of this room into an area, where I perceived a number of people employed in building the temple of VIRTUE: the director of the works was a person of no mean character, every thing that could contribute to embellish and adorn was lavished on the edifice; fitness, beauty, harmony and proportion appeared throughout the whole: but I perceived the structure built upon a sandy Foundation, tottering with every tumultuous blast, and tumbling at the impulse of every storm. My guide, who now discovered herself, offered her counsel to the workers, and advised them to run up a butress or two, which might add strength and would support the whole structure for ages; and at the same time recommended RELIGION, as one who had built many a temple of that sort, which had stood, and would still stand, without repair, for ever. Her advice, which seemed to me judicious, they looked on as ridiculous, and proceeded in their works on their first plan: but while they were employed in measuring the proportion of a column, a sudden gust arose, and swept away the whole building. The surprise I felt at so strange an occurrence, awoke me, and left me at liberty to commit my vision to paper.

W. RIDER.

THE SALT LAKE CITY.

We take the following description of the great city of the Salt Lake from the correspondent of the *Western Christian Advocate* :—

“ Early in April, 1847, one hundred and forty-three men, two women, and two children, started out as pioneers from Council Bluff, Iowa. These Mormons made an entire new road on the north side of the Platte, crossing Elk-horn to Fort Laramie; they then took the Oregon trail to Fort Bridger, when they commenced a new route through the Rocky Mountains. On the 22nd July, of the same year, they say, the first man entered this valley. On the 23rd of July, the first camp moved into and halted at what is now called the centre of the city. In the afternoon of the same day, they had three ploughs and one harrow at work.

“ At two o'clock p.m., of the same day,

they commenced building the first dam for irrigation. The next day, Saturday, the 24th, they planted five acres of potatoes. On the 28th of the same month, what they style the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, assembled and laid off a city as follows: Block of ten acres each, eight lots to the block, an acre and a quarter in each lot: the streets eight rods wide; the sidewalks, twenty feet wide; the sidewalks to be beautifully shaded; the blocks to be surrounded by a purling brook, issuing from the mountains; every house to be built twenty feet from the front fence. No two houses front other: standing in his own door, every man may not look into his neighbour's door, but into his neighbour's garden. They have four public squares, which are hereafter to be adorned with trees from the four quarters of the globe, and supplied with fountains of water.

"On the temple square, they intend to have a garden that will cost at least 100,000 dollars at the commencement. Their Missionaries have already made arrangements in the Eastern States, in Great Britain, France, Italy, Denmark, and the Germanic States, and in the islands of the sea, to gather the choicest seeds and fruits, and every thing that can beautify and adorn the garden. At first, the city was laid off to contain one hundred and thirty-five blocks. Since then, an addition of sixty-five blocks has been made on the east, and sixty on the west. They have laid off one mile square on the east of the city for a university. It will not be two years until next October since the first house was built in this city, and it now numbers at least nine thousand. They already have convenient houses built of adobies—dried bricks—and most of the luxuries of life. They expect an emigration of at least ten thousand of their own people this year.

"The only method of cultivation is by irrigation, from what they call "City Creek." Just as this creek opens in the valley from the snow-capped mountains, it divides into two main branches, which afterwards subdivide. This water, from the mountains to the temple block, has an average fall of nine inches in a rod, for a distance of more than ten miles, with a greater fall the further you advance into the mountains. At one mile and a third from the city is a warm sulphur spring, which possesses great cleansing and purifying properties, and which, it is affirmed, cures most diseases of this climate. About a mile and a half farther is a hot sulphur spring. On the south side of the valley is a hot spring of pure water. The water of this spring is twenty-nine feet and three inches deep.

"The city is located about twenty-two miles south-east of the great Salt Lake. This lake is considered more saline than the ocean, three gallons of water making one gallon of the purest, whitest, finest, salt. The valley is about thirty miles by twenty-two, joining to a valley of about fifty miles by eight in width. From the entire north to the south, these two valleys are studded with settlers, numbering from fifteen to twenty thousand. The lieutenant engineer, Mr. Gunnison, estimates these valleys, having explored them, as capable of supporting a population of from one and a half to two millions.

"On the south of this valley lie the Utah valley and lake, about fifty miles from this city. The name of their city is Provo, on the south side of the Provo river. The lake is pure water—eight miles by four—abounding with fish. About one hundred miles south of this, they have established a settlement of about one hundred and fifty families. This valley is called San Pete. Here there are many ruins covered with hieroglyphics. One place, in particular, is called by the Indians, "God's Temple." Here also many remains of ancient pottery, both glazed and unglazed, are found in great abundance; and here also is a mountain of pure rock salt, and abundance of bituminous coal.

"During five months of the year, there can be no communication with the North, East, or West, the mountains being rendered impassable by the snow. This city is situated about latitude 40 deg. 30 min. north, and 110 deg. longitude west of Greenwich.

"The productiveness of the soil is astonishing. We are here in the midst of their harvest, and never have we seen such wheat. We will give you one out of many authentic accounts. Mr. Holiday, from the south of this place, raised upwards of one hundred and eighty-five bushels of wheat from one bushel of seed, and three hundred bushels of potatoes from one bushel of seed.

"This valley is regarded as one of the healthiest portions of the globe; the air is certainly the purest I ever breathed. Its altitude is four thousand and three hundred feet above the level of the sea; and some of the mountains on the east of the valley are more than a mile and a quarter high, and are covered with perpetual snow, while in the valley the thermometer frequently rises above 100 degrees.

"So much for this city and valley. As to the moral and other aspects of this people, I have not at present time or space to write any thing. It is due to them to say that I have not seen any thing vicious since my arrival. They are very kind and hospitable to emigrants. The emigrants drop them a thousand commodities for a small consideration, as they change from the train to the packing method of accomplishing the remainder of their journey; while they, in their turn, are greatly accommodated in obtaining supplies and refreshments, at this little more than half-way house over plains and deserts."

ELDER M'DONALD'S LETTER.—THE CHURCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Perth, 25th Feb., 1851.

President F. D. Richards,—Dear brother, having just received yours, dated the 19th instant, it being forwarded from Inverness, through the kindness of Elder Joseph Shepherd, I proceed to write you a few lines in return, and say that it gives me great pleasure to use the privilege offered, and will for the present briefly state a few items with respect to the work of the Lord among the Highland hills of Scotland, and my travels there.

On the 28th of March, 1850, I left this town and travelled to Inverness, a distance of 115 miles, and on the 6th of April commenced to preach in the open air, as I could not get a place of meeting, not even being allowed to preach on the public streets; but on a green by the river side, which runs through the town, in company with Elder Shepherd who was there before me, I broke bread, and we unitedly prayed our heavenly Father that our way might be opened, and that the time would soon come when many should partake with us and rejoice in the same hope, when a noble and worthy *Clan* should be raised who would contend for the faith once delivered to the Saints, and worship the God of Israel in spirit and in truth. In about ten days the first person was baptized, and shortly after five more were added, since which time two only have yielded obedience; you know that it is a peculiar trait in Scottish character to *cannily* examine all sides of a matter before they either take or give, and rigidly stand to their former institutions and prejudices; indeed, generally speaking, these are so deeply rooted, that like the Jews of old they shut their eyes and ears lest they should see and hear, and thus be constrained to obey the heavenly message. But I feel assured that the time has come for *many* to obtain deliverance; the mustard seed is sown, and like other portions of the earth where obstacles stood in the way of introducing the Gospel unto the people, the Lord is speedily removing them, and thus preparing the way for His servants. The late ejectments from the Isle of Skye, and other parts of the Highlands of many hundreds of the inhabitants, forcing them

from their homes, and sending them to the Colonies and British America, taken in connexion with the division of the established churches, and the strifes springing therefrom have tended to break that union, and in a great measure destroy that hospitality that used to characterize the Highland people. Indeed it is a common thing to hear the elderly people say, that the world is completely changed now to what it was in their youthful days; at that time numbers would meet together at a neighbour's house to *chalis* or repeat legendary tales, and sing songs in their native strains in praise of the deeds of their ancestors; strengthen their bonds of friendship, welcome the stranger, and, like Israel of old, proudly trace back their genealogy; but now they are scattered and peeled, and in many respects trodden down; when I think of this I long for their freedom, and there are others who feel the same.

There is a great extent of country northward, where the Gospel as a witness has not yet been declared, which is but very thinly inhabited. The poor are solely under the control of the landowners and ministers in most cases as they live principally by agriculture and get their lands from them, which makes it difficult to bring the word of truth to bear upon them; and I believe that the printed word, just your own *silent preachers*, will do most good, through the blessing of God, in that country.

I preached and sold books in Beaulieu, Dingwall, Cromerty, Fortrose, and Fort William.

It gives me great pleasure to read the cheering news in the *STAR* from the Land of Zion, that the day of deliverance is drawing near, that this marvelous work and wonder is becoming daily more *wonderful* to all people; and that even the Church in these lands, though like a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid, is daily taking a more elevated position. Praying for your welfare, and the enrolling of the kingdom of God, I subscribe myself, your humble servant and fellow labourer,

ALEXANDER F. M'DONALD.

On March 11th, the United States Senate confirmed the appointment, by President Fillmore, of Samuel G. Bradbury, of Pennsylvania, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Utah, in the place of Joseph Buffington, declined.—*New York Herald*.